

Napalm Death

"Pay For The Priviledge Of Breathing"

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Nothing comes to nothing
When there's nothing there to give
The powers want to strip you clean
A charge for every breath

A price on skin that we walk in

They call this civil liberty

So-called champions for the poor
Tax us against the wall
Find it now or forfeit
The cance to "be" in peace

A price on skin that we walk in
A price on skin that we walk in

Grab thin air in one hand
A pound of fesh from the other
Crushing burden on the shoulders

An end to poverty?
Only if you pay up first
Meet the fee and keep your soul

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